

HOW POLLY PROPOSED.

"Hi! Hi! All right! Now we shan't be long!" said the gray parrot.

I regret to say that the irrepressible young man, who brings the daily milk is the tutor of my parrot in the latest up-to-date slang of the day.

I am an old sea captain—at least, not old—perhaps the word slipped out unaware. I am on the right side of 50, anyhow; but being in receipt of a pension and a small private income to boot, I have cast anchor in my present abode in the expectation of weathering many a winter's storm yet.

Being without a known relation in the world, I willingly fell in with the suggestion that I should pick up my moorings alongside my old friend and messmate, Captain Travers, late R. N., who, having left one of his legs on the west coast of Africa while capturing a slaver, was pensioned off at an even earlier age than myself, and now lived with his sister—a most comfortable party, fat, fair, and 40, or thereabouts—in the adjoining house to mine in the neighborhood of London. We had always got on well together, our tastes and dispositions were similar, and we had often met during our naval careers.

My friend Travers and myself had each a favorite parrot—his the common African gray, with a red-tipped tail, and mine the purer variety, without a trace of color, but otherwise similar.

I had not long settled down in my new quarters, and what seemed to me—a very important difference, as I know to-day—when, almost unconsciously, at first, I began to feel what a lonely old bachelor I was and what a set-off all my other belongings were.

One day, while I was sitting at my desk, I saw a figure in the doorway of the fair sex, intensely as she inwardly admires their pretty ways, Captain Manley rode a trot—no, he certainly does not show up to advantage.

Although fond of cats generally, I have an antipathy to cats especially at night. I am not aware that our neighborhood was particularly beneficial in its aspect or other qualifications to feline constitution, but I know that until I was inhuman enough to start an argument on the subject of numerous nocturnal visitors, I was frequently unable to get a respectable night's rest.

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be endowed with more rectitude than his fellows I have never been able to discover—this by the way.

"A bit of cold, perhaps," said Captain Travers. "Well, come over the fence and have a dish of tea in the summer house, and Rachel shall come in afterward and make you a good glass of something stiff for a night-cup."

Punctually at 5 o'clock I donned my spruce attire, and with a smart flower in my buttonhole—gay dog that I never was—went over the fence. Miss Rachel was there, looking as fresh as a spring cabbage with the dew on it, which I consider a very pretty simile, and she bade me welcome with one of her beaming smiles.

After the meal Captain Travers went indoors to get his supply of necessaries for the evening, and, turning to me, Miss Travers commented:

"By-the-by, Captain Manley, how is your parrot? I have not seen it out in the garden lately."

"I feel my heart beating a bit faster, but with every semblance of outward calm I said:

"No; the fact is, it's not been at all well; in fact, it is dead."

"Dead," she exclaimed. "Well, I never. What over it the of?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "It died quite suddenly about a week ago."

"I hope our Polly isn't going to follow suit," she continued. "She has been very dull and quiet the last few days, but seems a bit more lively this evening. I don't think she has spoken a word all the week."

"Thank goodness!" I inwardly ejaculated. Things were beginning to look a bit awkward and I cast about for something to change the course of conversation.

"I am not a quick thinker, however, and before I could collect my wits Miss Travers continued:

"Dear, dear, to think your poor Polly's dead! Well, I am sorry, I should like to see you, Polly dear," she said, addressing the parrot. "But, really, Captain Manley," looking straight in the face, "I can't make our Polly out. Sometimes I could almost believe she was a different bird. She hasn't seemed pleased to see me all the week."

"I felt the blood rapidly rising to my cheeks and forehead, but I trusted to my tanned complexion for it not to show, I feebly replied: 'Perhaps she's molting.'"

"Yes, I often used to notice it about my own parrot."

"But I thought your bird had no red about it," she pursued.

Lutheran minister of the same place, and the pleadings set forth the following state of facts: Mr. and Mrs. Halverson have a son of tender years. The former desired that the boy should be called Oscar, but the present monarch of Mr. Halverson's fatherland, Mrs. Halverson dislikes the name of Oscar and was determined that the baby should not be burdened therewith.

Mr. Halverson requested the minister to name the child Oscar, but Mrs. Halverson had already talked the reverend gentleman over, and to Mr. Halverson's surprise and indignation the boy was christened not Oscar, but something else, whereby Mr. Halverson suffered serious disappointment, loss of authority in his household, laceration of feelings, etc., for which he prays damages. The clergyman's defence is that he christened the child in accordance with the wishes of its mother, whose rights in the premises he considered paramount. The case brings up a novel question in jurisprudence, the decision of which will be regarded with interest in thousands of families throughout the land.

The Story That Was Never Told

C. H. Thayer, in the Home Magazine.

"They were sitting under a shady tree, looking a little tired, when the girl suddenly asked her companion: 'Did you ever write a story?'"

"No," he replied. "Did you?"

"Not deliberately."

"Then suppose we write one together—deliberately."

"Very well. How shall we begin?"

"Let our heroine first appear on a gallant steed, suggestive of Diana Vernon."

"Oh, no, do not have her come prancing in."

"She need not prance necessarily. 'She might enter on a bicycle.'"

"That would not show her lithe form to as good advantage."

"You would not give her a lithe form, I hope. It sounds like Amelle Rives."

"Graceful figure, then."

"She need not have a figure? What an idea!"

PET AMUSEMENTS OF OUR PRESIDENTS

Major McKinley Has Not Yet Developed His Special Fad.

A VARIED LIST OF PRECEDENTS

Nearly Every Chief Executive Has Had Some Favorite Amusement to Relieve His Mind of the Strain of Office—Old Hickory Went in for Cock Fighting—W. H. Harrison Did the White House Marketing, and Tyler Was Fond of Poker.

Every president since the time of Washington has, says the Post, had some particular pet amusement and the old stagers are wondering what Mr. McKinley will develop in this line.

Men who knew him well during his congressional career can recall any number of proclivities exhibited by the man who is now president.

Mr. McKinley is not known as a hunter, a fisherman, a card player, a billiard or pool lover, a horseback rider, a golfer, bicyclist, or a society man.

He is a steady reader and a regular smoker, but these are such ordinary amusements that they will not entitle him to rank with his more active predecessors.

He is something of a walker, but like everything else, he indulges this with moderation, and he has walked twenty, or even ten, miles a day he would go down in history as the pedestrian president, but about three miles is his average.

One of the regulars in the Arlington said: "Wait until he gets into the presidential stride here. Just wait until the mighty horde of busybodies of all kinds get after him, day after day, and night after night. He is an amiable, kindly man, and these traits will be his biggest enemies. He will try to be the biggest pluckiest man to all hands, and this impossibility will drive him to the pitch of desperation. Then he will look around for some means to relieve the pressure on his mind, and he will find some amusement, and this amusement will carry him away from the scene of his worries. Mr. Cleveland was never much of a sportsman until he became president. Then to get a little mental relief he took to fishing and then to shooting. He found these to be the best of his kind of recreation, and I will wager something that inside of six months Mr. McKinley will adopt some form of open-air amusement."

G. W. FOLLOWED HOUNDS.

As every one knows George Washington was a great sportsman. His greatest pleasure was in following the hounds, mounted on a tip-top hunter.

He was an athlete in his youth and his love of outdoor life was the result of his day of his death. When he was president his chief diversion was horseback riding. He was fond of dancing, too, and regularly attended the assemblies in the long room in the City Tavern at the time of the Revolution.

Thomas Jefferson sought relief from the cares of state in his love for music. He was a clever performer on the violin and whiled away many hours sailing away on his beloved fiddle. He had a taste for mechanical inventions, too, and some of his happiest moments were those spent in trying to evolve some labor-saving device. History does not attribute any startling successes to him in this line, but as his mechanical knowledge was the means of creating the patent office it was productive of some good.

President Tyler had a deep and abiding love for the good American game of poker. Surrounded by a few chums he spent many pleasant evenings drawing to hot-bell bushes, filling against hot axes and full of his finest bluffing on ducks, bucking ant. The stakes were invariably small, but history says that he was a bad loser.

Mr. Tyler was a great swimmer and his fancy in this direction once caused him to swim every day for several months. The historian of this incident says that at this time the whole city was annoyed by a notorious woman named Ann Royall, who edited an offensive paper called Paul Pry. One day when Mr. Tyler was walking along the banks of the Potomac the sultry weather tempted him to take a swim. Small boy fashion he undressed on the river bank and jumped into the water, clad in a Adam.

But when he was about to emerge he saw a lady sitting on his clothes. It was Ann Royall, and she told him she intended to sit there until he would consent to be interviewed. Standing in the water up to his neck he threatened a multitude of disasters, but Ann sat on. Then he became chilled, and finally had to give in. He gave the interview, Ann departed, and the president of the United States was allowed to dress in peace.

JACKSON'S GAME COCKS.

Andrew Jackson had a form of amusement which it would not be wise for President McKinley to adopt. Old Hickory was passionately fond of cock fighting, and when he left the Hermitage to run the nation at Washington he brought with him two of his finest fighting cocks. These he matched against the gamest roosters in the surrounding country, but the Tennessee article made but a feeble showing against the Virginia breed. President Jackson brought on several other pairs, but his birds invariably met defeat, and in this respect he said that his administration was a lamentable failure.

WOMEN DO NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Modest Women Evade Certain Questions When Asked by a Male Physician, but Write Freely to Mrs. Pinkham.

An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful, they will lie to their physicians." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To this good woman they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence than the physician who personally questions them. Perfect confidence and candor are at once established between Mrs. Pinkham and her patients.

Years ago women had no such recourse. Nowadays a modest woman asks help of a woman who understands women. If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

And the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in:

"I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhoea in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard to get almost case spasms. When I could endure the pain no longer I was given morphine. My memory grew short, and I gave up all hope of ever getting well. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. My friends think my cure almost miraculous. Her noble work is surely a blessing to broken-down women."—GRACE B. STANBURY, Pratt, Kansas.

FEAST OF THE WOMEN.

Japan's Present Emperor the First to Honor Them in His Land.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

While the United States is celebrating the inauguration of the president, their Japanese cousins are preparing for their great national holiday. The 3d of April commemorates the accession of Jimmu, the first emperor, who formed the Japanese empire 2,500 years before Christ. On that day the Emperor or Mitsu-Hitu will complete a column of verses containing 5,000 couplets, all composed since the last feast of Jimmu, and will lay down his pen and bow in their hearts. One of his principal themes is the Empress Jingu, who was a Japanese warrior before the time of Christ. She conquered Korea and hurried home to have her child born on Japanese soil. She named him Hachiman, and he is now worshipped as the God of War.

The emperor, while the greatest living composer of poetry, writes largely upon one theme—the glory of women and the bravery of the Japanese men, who go forth to war with the impetus of their sweethearts and mothers in their hearts.

Another thing done by the emperor was the establishment of the Woman's hospital in Akasaka, Tokio. He made the empress the patroness and takes great pride in maintaining it in the most scientific manner. It has wards free to the poor, as well as pay wards for wealthy people.

The emperor, while wishing to benefit women as a sex, is very fond of them personally. He has his favorites and he desires his favorites and the women of his kingdom to live up to them. For one thing, he dislikes the stained teeth and shaven eyebrows of the Japanese women, and has compelled the empress to whiten her teeth and allow her eyebrows to grow. This style is spreading throughout Japan until you may look among the better class for a long time without seeing the blackened teeth and defective eyebrows of fifty years ago.

The emperor is fond of athletics for women. He has placed a gymnasium in the palace and has purchased a riding habit for the empress. She was the first woman in Japan to ride horseback.

When the Dowager empress died in February the emperor expended \$700,000 burying her, and so elaborate were the ceremonies that they lasted two whole days.

The emperor is the first Japanese who had his wife sit down at his own table, Mikado and Princess eat opposite one another and are served with the same dishes and eat the same food.

HOTELS AND SUMMER RESORTS.

THE MURRAY HILL

MURRAY HILL PARK, THOUSAND ISLANDS. The best located and best furnished hotel on the St. Lawrence river. Accommodations for 300 guests. Opens June 25th, 1897. F. R. WHITE, Prop.

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Strictly temperance, newly remodeled and furnished. Fine groves, large lawn, dancing pavilion, croquet grounds, etc. Bicycle boat, sail boats, 15 row boats, fishing tackle, etc., free to guests. Take D. & W. via Alford Station. Write for terms.

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THE MATTHEW, 302 First Avenue, ASBURY PARK, N. J. Near the Beach and Promenade. All conveniences and comforts for permanent and transient guests. Excellent table, the best beds, and most approved sanitary equipment. For particulars, etc., address G. W. MATTHEW, Owner and Manager.

ELKS' EXCURSION

LAKE ARIEL

THURSDAY, AUG. 5.

Special attractions have been secured for this great event. Percy R. Freuthe, the celebrated drill artist, will give an exhibition, as will also the Harrington brothers, the World's Greatest Slack Wire Performers.

Pat man's running race, 100 yards, 2 prizes. Boys' running race, 1/4 of a mile, 2 prizes. Sack race, 6 boys, 2 prizes. Tug-of-war between the Scranton and Wilkes-Barre lodges. Bauer's band and Orchestra—30 musicians in all. No distinguishable characters will be permitted on the grounds.

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E. V. SKINNER, G. E. A.,

223 Broadway, New York.



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ECZEMA Most Torturing, Disfiguring, Humiliating. Of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a single application of CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure, and a full dose of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

Cuticura REMEDIES speedily, permanently, and economically cure, when all else fails. CUTICURA SOAP, CUTICURA OINTMENT, CUTICURA RESOLVENT. PIMPLY FACES. CUTICURA SOAP.

NAMING THE BABY. Lawsuit to Decide Whether the Right Belongs to the Father or Mother. The question as to whether the naming of the baby belongs, as a matter of right, to the father or to the mother, is a question that has recently been decided in the case of the Catskill mountains. The plaintiff is Ole Halverson, a Swede, who cultivates a small farm on the mountain side. He has secured for damages the Rev. J. G. Remerton, a German

CONSISTENCY. There is always something touching in the resignation shown when men bear the country's burdens all forgetful of their own. It seems a little less than martyrdom—the way that they explain that, though the salary is small, they are not here for gain. There isn't any doubting that man is truly great.

MONARCH POLISH. The Preserver of the New Floors of the Old. It is on this occasion he also noticed the superior height of American women, and on inquiring the cause was told that it was probably the fish and flesh eaten by Christians. Without committing himself in so many words his majesty intimated that a few extra inches added to the stature of the women of Japan would not injure their beauty and lamented that the Buddhists prohibit fish and flesh, thus giving his court to understand that an infringement of the laws would not cause their instant dismissal. This was undoubtedly a provision of his majesty for future generations, for it is several centuries before the stunting effects of a lack-meat diet are overcome. The emperor is the greatest living

MONARCH POLISH. For Sale by Hill & Connell, Protheroe & Co. and A. E. Strong.

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